

... fire to warm & dry ourselves & I hung up my shawl, & set my bag near the fire, & dried my dress, & enjoyed a good dinner of mutton-chops & potatoes - The sun had now & then tried to peep through all the morning, & while we were at dinner it suddenly cleared away finely; after dinner we set off again, & leaving the river which flows down one side of the mountain, we turned round the mountain & began to follow up the front - for after both rivers join, the gorge is too difficult & narrow for a road. The front was in fact, a ^{canal} "tunnel" through woods, & we sailed by its side, sometimes high above it & again on its level. The woods were so wild, dripping with the rain, & the long grey moss hanging sadly from the branches! At length the river grew smaller, the woods disappeared & we were to turn suddenly & with steep zigzags ascend the Forcas to pass over to Marigny, or vice versa up the valley a little way to its end & ascend steeply the Col de Balme, which the mulemen were quite anxious to do, for it had cleared so finely that they thought we should get a fine view of Mt. Blanc, & could descend near noon, saving the night in the dark. Unless I were turned that way. But I felt too tired as we went on to think of passing the near day on mule-back, & proposed to Mr. Jones to let me go alone to Marigny with the guide, where he & Mr. Hunter should join me the next morning. Mr. Jones would not consent, but insisted on going with me to Marigny, so we left Mr. Hunter with his guide to ascend the Col de Balme, & took our way over the Strap - then we reached the summit of the pass we had a fine view of the valley of the Rhone - From the night we were it looked very flat with steep mountains rising thus on each side, like the empty bed of a great river with steep banks. From the summit the Rhone, & a straight road leading up to it, which was in sight in the distance could see some snow-capped peaks of the Bernese Oberland, & near us on the right some of the great mountain ranges the grand St. Bernard pass. The descent was steep & swift & narrow before running down the hill in a long straight line, a narrow male path paved with large stones, rough & muddy down, down, down! I was so tired so fat that I sat off walked, but it was so muddy that I was flying after awhile to sit up again; but down we came through some two deep fields, then rain, & at last to Charenton-lez-Lyon. Just before reaching the valley a bold rock spire shot up on one side, commanding the view of the valley of the Rhone & down the slope to Lake Geneva, on this was the tower & some ruins of an old castle. It must have been a magnificent site! I was very glad to arrive at Marigny, a quiet town in the Rhone valley, where we got a nice room in a very comfortable inn, with comfortable strong furniture & furniture, for the town has been subject to terrific inundations & they build the houses in expectation - A nice game I had, & the next morning too! But I felt it most delicious! The next morning we took a carriage to St. Maurice, following down the Rhone through that meadow into steep mountains on each side, to take there the mulemen diligence for Vallance, on the lake of Geneva, where we were to meet the steamboat. We passed on our way a fine cascade - It was a fine day, & the valley women were all out in extreme, much considered in the present day - pretty much all the cottages seem to consist in bare dress - and a cap is as much sought as rest of them want - The road was dash with a woman with fish-cannings, & who pulled out a bottle with milk, but these were dead - cross was a car - Between Canton and Canton valleys we had to stop again & have part of the day in mind, & to see the of an hour - It took the steamer from Vallance at La Roche. Embarking in a little boat to get on board, which seems to be the custom on a lake when Mr. Smith & wife of Canton & wife & child were on board, at 7 o'clock. And English gentleman & lady with

... we had travelled from Geneva to Paris, & had met in again very cordially - it might have been a remarkable gentleman at home I started, & I had started at me, & could scarcely believe that it could be John Higginson, or in that I could be that man. But soon I spoke & we had were we to meet, & with it all the time were come up, with whom I had rather met travelling - He had never met so many Americans before. He talked over & over about me, & they could all see a good many things - The lake of Geneva is most beautiful & I could it much more than I could see. He had a thunder-storm, but we near could hear the thunder echo among the hills, though we had plenty of rain - I preferred to stay in La Roche, & so we wished everything appropriate and could not see them, & I had read a book about the Rhone description from a tourist - Such substitutes of musicans, etc. as I saw to flock to any public place to gather & see, & they had their reflections on the Rhone with the guitar in one hand & her voice in another seemed to pass serenely in the steam boat, in the wind & the times - after a long & long stay in the Rhone valley I came to Chamoni to see the lake for their contributions - and that afternoon we had a supper on board whose looks were wonderful, & we found ourselves at about 10 o'clock in the evening at Chamoni. I had a very good dinner at Chamoni, & I was delighted to get that evening's letter & to see it acknowledged before. The next morning at breakfast Mr. Jones saw that I had a letter from Chamoni, & had a long talk with him, arranging his route - I spent the morning writing, in the afternoon Mr. Higginson called, & he said coming in to see me, & to arrange his route. I told him my next occupation was to be to set up as travelling courier, and arrange for a carriage for his tour - so we were walking after dinner, we met Mr. Abbott, & he came back with us. Mr. Smith came in to talk over his plans, & some went to buy trip tickets to learn from Mr. Jones's authority - as you see what authority he became. They were all to leave next morning for Chamoni - He found at dinner next day that Mr. Mark was an old friend of Mr. Jones's before he left England - I was very much all the morning during the rest of our stay in Geneva with writing & sewing, & needed repairs, & in returning my trunk, for you know what a shape the trunk had quite finished the other - our carpet bag had been so full of iron & iron tools that it had worn a hole through, & I had to get a new one made which was a good deal being rather unskillful as far as a workman's value. When he returned he told me the important matter of the river of me in the lake case & since on the morning travelling. The next day I was at the stores some pretty prints & the various shells he had seen, or they are nice mementos, & I mean to arrange them when I get home - I could send them with me, but I would like to see them - And the last making good carriage, I cannot resist it! And so much of necessary to get another replace, or make people - Saturday at we were to have the steamer, & I had been invited to tea in the house in town. Whether we should be pleased to have a most agreeable evening - tea was handed round - I got some very beautiful porcelain cups. Then was handed a basket with a most singular compound of fruit, some in some prohibited, some pretty, & some nice. Then a basket with dishes of various sorts of cakes, such delicious little cakes! I eat one that seemed to be in the outside chocolate, then a most delicate meringue, & the inside like the most delicious cream cake - that was the white bread sort - Then sauce with see in them. In half the slices, under the other half white, of different flavours - The tea came again even more than the time we had

old (plated) ^(suppose) tea-urns - the salon was very handsome & such superb & beautiful vases of flowers, so handsome arranged in a sort of open work baskets. But the floor paved with tiles, of inland woods - There were many scientific people & some who spoke English; & had a very nice time.

Sunday morning we started to find our way to the church of "le Pasteur Dubuy" a friend of Dr. Jay's - It was outside the city walls - and among the streets I should most like to transport is over, & the country would be that church today. It was a perfect little model for a village church, small, neat, every way adapted for its purpose, very simple & I am sure cheap, though substantial, & so beautiful, if I could only have sketched. I would have drawn it outside & in, & taken it home as a public benefit - the services were very interesting though a' in French - but I was surprised to find how well I could follow them; they were very much as in our congregational churches - but he addressed his flock in the voice of authority from the pulpit which I thought few of our Yankee congregations would have borne - I don't his manner was earnest & impressive; more oratorical than with us, but the gestures & intonations seemed all to come from the heart, & not from studies - The music was very beautiful. There was a good organ very well & sweetly played, & a clerk led off, & all the congregation joined; different voices taking the different parts - there could be one time for all, but it was a sort of psalm chant, only more varied, & was rich - It was very fine! - Sunday was a great day in Geneva - we were awakened

in the morning by cannon, & learned it was "le grand fête de navigation!" And as we breakfasted we could see sails dressed, barges putting off & the steamboat ornamented with flags - After dusk we went out to see the return - And the boats dressed out with colored lamps, little boats carrying bright lights, fireworks on shore, & the crowds of people, made a very fine sight - There was one woman stood close by me, she, with one little child younger than Charlie, ^{resting in her front} & putting her baby to sleep on her breast! The general costume is horribly ugly, consisting of an enormous high horn hat without shape or grace upon hats on the back of the head -

Monday morn'g I went with Mr. Decandolle to the Town Library - An old building of the time of Calvin, who founded the Library - I saw there many interesting old paintings, chiefly portraits; & many crystals - The sermons of St. Augustine of the 4th or 5th century, written on papyrus & parchment - The household accounts of Philip de Hel on wax tablets; old illuminated bibles - the colours still so rich & fresh, & the legs so beautiful, like beautiful copper-plate! And then the faint pictures of Cain & Abel in middle age costume, with legs pointed & heavily bound! I had no idea they were so handsome - Then some very interesting old banderol books, deposited here for safe keeping in the time of their persecutions; & various interesting autographs - Sir Isaac Newton's, so &c. & so - & volume of Rousseau's works in his own handwriting, & of Calvin's manuscripts, letters & sermons -